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UCP

The Resort

“A History of Forgetting”

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THE RESORT

Episode 104
"A History of Forgetting"
DOUBLE WHITE PAGES

CAST LIST

EMMA REED.....CRISTIN MILIOTI
NOAH REED.....WILLIAM JACKSON HARPER
BALTASAR FRÍAS (/PENICHE).....LUIS GERARDO MENDEZ
SAM LAWFORD.....SKYLER GISONDO
VIOLET THOMPSON.....NINA BLOOMGARDEN
LUNA.....GABRIELA CARTOL
MURRAY THOMPSON.....TBD

ALEX VASILAKIS.....BEN SINCLAIR
CARL LAWFORD.....DYLAN BAKER
HANNA JASTONE.....DEBBY RYAN
JAN LAWFORD.....BECKY ANN BAKER
KIRSTEN.....TBD
EDWIN.....CARLOS RIVERA MARCHAND
ABIGAIL.....MACHA COLÓN
PATRICIA.....AMBER RIVERA
OLIVER.....RICARDO LABOY
*OLD HUSBAND.....NORMAN GRANT
OLD WIFE.....JESSICA GASPAR

THE RESORT

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

OCEANA VISTA RESORT
BALTSAR'S ROOM (YELLOW
ROOM)
ELEVATOR SHAFT
EMPLOYEE HALLWAY
FRONT DESK
GUEST ROOM
HALLWAY(S)
LAUNDRY ROOM
LOBBY
LOBBY BAR
NEAR CONCIERGE DESK
PENTHOUSE SUITE
ALEX'S BEDROOM
FOYER
ROOM 114/SAM'S SUITE
SECURITY OFFICE
THOMPSON SUITE

EXTERIORS

OCEANA VISTA RESORT
BALTSAR'S ROOM
BALCONY
BEACH
EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT
***FOUNTAIN**
PENTHOUSE
BALCONY
POOL
ROOFTOP

THE SUN RISING OVER THE
CARIBBEAN

THE RESORT

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DAY/NIGHT

2022

Day/Night	Scenes
DAY 4	1-2; 17; 48

2007

Day/Night	Scenes
NIGHT 2 (12/25/2007)	20
DAY 3 (12/26/2007)	A21; 22-30; 32-34
NIGHT 3 (12/26/2007)	A38-38; 39-40
DAY 4 (12/27/2007)	42-43 *45 *SCENE 46 OMITTED *47

ALEX'S PRE-SAM/VIOLET TIMELINE (PRE-12/24/2007)

Day/Night	Scenes
ALEX'S PRE-DAY 1 (1999)	5-6
ALEX'S PRE-DAY 2 (2000)	*7 *SCENE 8 OMITTED (FOLDED INTO SC. 7) *SCENE 9 OMITTED (FOLDED INTO SC. 7) *10-11
ALEX'S PRE-NIGHT 2 (2000)	12-13
ALEX'S PRE-DAY 3 (2005)	14-16
ALEX'S PRE-DAY 4 (EARLY 2007)	18-19

1 **INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT, OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2022 (DAY 4)** 1

A SINGLE RAY OF LIGHT illuminates the bottom of this dark elevator shaft. A lone, hungry COCKROACH eats moldy GUANO.

THE SOUND OF A STRUGGLE ECHOES FROM ABOVE. TWO SECONDS later --

THE RAZR LANDS ON THE COCKROACH AND BREAKS INTO PIECES. But... the COCKROACH manages to survive.

2 **INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE, OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2022** 2

OPEN ON BALTASAR'S FACE, eyes closed, blood around his ear. He's being dragged along the living room floor by EMMA.

NOAH appears behind her, coming from the bedroom with a STACK OF TOWELS, shocked to see what Emma's doing --

 NOAH
 What are you doing?!

Emma DROPS the legs, tired --

 EMMA
 Figured we could lock him in a closet or something.

 NOAH
 We can't just leave him!

Noah rushes over, props up Baltasar's head with a towel --

 EMMA
 Why not? He's clearly not dead.

 NOAH
 What were you even thinking?

 EMMA
 Why am I the bad guy now? I couldn't let him take the phone.

 NOAH
 Who cares?! It's not worth murdering a guy over.

 EMMA
 I didn't murder him. He's fine.

BALTASAR SPASMS AND UNCONSCIOUSLY COUGHS. Eeek.

 EMMA (CONT'D)
 You saw the phone ring, right?

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

What are you talking about?

EMMA

The phone rang.

NOAH

That's not possible.

EMMA

It rang. Then fell off the edge...

NOAH

Emma, stop! You're acting fucking nuts! Forget the phone! There's REAL shit going on --

BALTASAR MOOOOOOAAAAANS back to life. Emma and Noah FREEZE.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Oh, thank god.

Baltasar rolls to his side, slowly regaining consciousness...

Emma grabs the golf club again, at the ready --

Baltasar feels the back of his head -- BLOOD. Then he looks up, his eyes regaining focus, and sees Emma and Noah.

HE PAUSES FOR A BRIEF MOMENT... *as he can finally see Emma's and Noah's faces, well lit and close up.*

BALTASAR

What an unusual turn of events.

EMMA

Why were you following us?

BALTASAR

To see this phone you found.

EMMA

Who told you?

BALTASAR

An old friend.

EMMA

It was Luna, wasn't it?

Baltasar nods. Emma gives Noah a look -- *YOU told her.*

BALTASAR

Where is this phone now?

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

You threw it in the elevator shaft.
It's destroyed because of you.

BALTASAR

I would never do such a thing. The
impulse to destroy it came from you.

This gives Emma pause. Baltasar begins to stand up.

NOAH

Hey, maybe you should sit down.

BALTASAR

I'm okay --

Emma presses the golf club against his chest.

EMMA

No, really, sit the fuck down.

NOAH

Em' --

EMMA

We don't know what he's gonna do --

BALTASAR

You have the weapon. I have not
provoked you in any way.

EMMA

What happened to Sam and Violet?

BALTASAR

Perhaps together we can figure it
out.

A beat. Emma considers him. Noah reaches out his hand and
gently pushes the golf club off Baltasar's chest.

Baltasar gets up and goes to the BAR, sniffs various SPIRITS.

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

Is that why you were in my room?
You think I did something?

EMMA

There was a photo on the phone. We
thought it was taken in your room.

BALTASAR

Describe this photo, please.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

No. Not telling you shit, man. You took Sam's skateboard. We know all about you and your family.

Baltasar pauses. Looks at Noah. And back at her.

BALTASAR

This is all of your evidence?

Noah and Emma see how thin their case is. Baltasar finds an alcohol (VODKA) he likes. He takes out a HANDKERCHIEF, gets it wet, then DABS his head and ear wounds.

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

I come from a family of tailors. Not murderers. If this is where your investigation has led you, I'm not sure you are capable of believing the true story.

Baltasar sips the VODKA. Offers it to them. They decline.

EMMA

Then what is the true story?

BALTASAR

Tell me your names.
(off their silence)
Okay, don't tell me. Married?

Emma nods. Noah gives Emma a look -- *don't share too much.*

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

Good. What brought you to Akumal?

NOAH

You got like two seconds to talk before we call the police.

BALTASAR

Again, you attacked me. But, okay.

He takes a seat. As he begins, we PUSH IN ON HIM --

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

What happened to Sam and Violet is just one thread in a tapestry of interconnected stories...

BEHIND HIM, ON THE BALCONY, SUDDENLY A MAN APPEARS, LOOKING OUT AT THE OCEAN... *Was he there the whole time?*

CAMERA continues PAST BALTASAR, toward the balcony --

(CONTINUED)

BALTASAR (CONT'D)
Everything comes back to the Oceana
Vista and the tragic demise of its
misunderstood owner...

OMITTED

OMITTED (FOLDED INTO SCENE 2)

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE, O.V. - DAY - 1999 (ALEX PRE-DAY 1)

CONTINUE TOWARD THE BALCONY, BUT WE'VE GONE BACK IN TIME. Up
to this man on the balcony: ALEX VASILAKIS (103's "Santa").

BALTASAR (V.O.)
No one knew exactly where Alex
Vasilakis came from. One rumor was
that he just wandered out of the
jungle one day with only a dream of
opening a resort. A more accepted
rumor was that he was born into a
family of hedge fund managers, then
he stole a yacht and moved to
Quintana Roo to carve his own path.
Alex possessed a profound human
insight and belief in the potential
of others. But let me be clear:
This man was not a smart man.

Alex digs his pinky into his ear, then checks it for earwax.

BEHIND ALEX: WE SEE a younger, nervous BALTASAR (dressed
down) walking into the Penthouse...

It's MOSTLY EMPTY. An unfinished blank canvas. CONSTRUCTION
GEAR, BOXES... except for: TWO CHAIRS WITH ARMS FOR THE ARMS,
and LEGS FOR THE FRONT LEGS.

Without turning to face Baltasar, Alex asks:

ALEX
You into metaphysical shit, man?

BALTASAR
I'm not sure what you mean.

ALEX
Good answer.

They both sit in the ARM/LEG-CHAIRS. Alex checks his NOTEPAD.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You are... Baltasar **Peniche**?

(CONTINUED)

BALTASAR

Yes. Yes, sir.

ALEX

Sounds made-up. And not a fan of sir. But I AM a fan of the jacket. You care about appearances.

BALTASAR

Thank you.

ALEX

You're applying for...

BALTASAR

Any job. I read that you were hiring all positions.

ALEX

Bold move. Or, the sign of a fickle man who can't decide what he wants. So what do you actually want to do?

Baltasar stares back, feeling seen. He WANTS to say something more here, but shies away.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Kiiinda get the sense you're running away from something instead of running toward it.

After a moment, Baltasar nods.

ALEX (CONT'D)

But why here? At this resort?

BALTASAR

(unsure)

Because you are hiring?

ALEX

I appreciate the honesty. I am hiring. But more importantly, I am building a factory for people to mass produce the single most precious good that humans are capable of.

He pauses for a response...

BALTASAR

Umm... Children?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
No. Memories.

BALTASAR
Memories can be bad, too.

ALEX
Let's walk. I could use some air.

EXT. BEACH, OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 1999

Alex and Baltasar walk the beach, each holding their shoes.

ALEX
Do you know how to thumb wrestle?

Alex suddenly STOPS and extends his hand. Baltasar accepts, awkwardly. Their hands meet in thumb-war grip.

ALEX (CONT'D)
1-2-3-4, I declare a thumb war.

Alex immediately pins Baltasar.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Again! Pin me, you're hired! 1-2-3-4!

This time, Baltasar evades the quick pin. Alex continues his interview while the two men thumb-wrestle. He stares at Baltasar's eyes the whole time. Never breaking.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Rapid fire: What brings you the greatest sense of joy in life?

BALTASAR
I'm not sure.

ALEX
Try!

BALTASAR
I've had a complicated life.

ALEX
Cool! Me too! But find that joy, dammit! Dig in, rewind your mind! Every moment led here, and it starts with joy! What's your first memory of joy?

BALTASAR
Reading, I like reading --

Alex maneuvers to a GRAPPLE, now they're ACTUALLY wrestling.

ALEX

I'm a terrible reader! What are we reading?

BALTASAR

Detective novels. Anything by Chandler, Hammett, Agatha Christie.

ALEX

Why detective novels?

BALTASAR

Because... I don't know.

ALEX

What if you *do* know?

BALTASAR

Because that's what my father gave me as a child.

ALEX

Were you and your dad close?

Baltasar gains CONTROL in the this grappling match --

BALTASAR

I struggled to read, but I understood detective stories. They raised questions that always had answers. They try to answer both the mystery of a crime and the mystery of life.

(off Alex's silence)

I like the characters.

ALEX

Great! Which ones?

BALTASAR

The detectives.

Alex TAKES HIM DOWN and they ROLL IN THE SAND.

ALEX

Why?!

BALTASAR

They are alone. Obsessed -- and alone -- their home is on the edge of the void -- of hopelessness.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

And that's why you like them?!
That's weird, Peniche!

BALTASAR

They try to do the right thing --
the good thing -- even if it kills
them -- It's for good! That's why!

ALEX

You think it'll kill you, too?!

BALTASAR

I don't know!

ALEX

Do you feel alone?

BALTASAR

Yes!

ALEX

Do loneliness and joy exist in
harmony for you?

BALTASAR

Yes, sometimes.

ALEX

But do you like being alone? Huh?
Do you like being alone?!

BALTASAR

No!

Baltasar PINS him.

ALEX

Then what the fuck do you want to
be, Peniche?

BALTASAR

I want to be a detective.

The two men share a smile.

ALEX

Then be one, you son of a bitch.

CUT TO:

A NAME BADGE: **DETECTIVE BALTASAR PENICHE - HEAD OF SECURITY.**

7 INT. NEAR CONCIERGE DESK, O.V. - DAY - 2000 (ALEX PRE-DAY 2) 7

PULL OUT to show Baltasar walking tall... A smile. The new suit. Feeling at HOME.

BALTASAR (V.O.)
We became fast friends. He taught me many things. I did not mention my past as a Frías, and he didn't ask. He always looked ahead.

As Baltasar nods at EDWIN, WE MOVE INTO A SERIES OF QUICK POPS:

BALTASAR (V.O.)
Alex personally hired every employee of the Oceana Vista, each one a lost soul, running from their past. We had EDWIN, a glass-cutter from Honduras, heading concierge --

FLASH TO: A PHOTO of YOUNG EDWIN CUTTING GLASS; EDWIN'S ID BADGE PHOTO IS TAKEN. *

He passes PATRICIA, who's on her WALKIE -- *

BALTASAR (V.O.)
PATRICIA, a runaway nun from Tampico, on my security team. *

FLASH TO: A PHOTO OF 50 NUNS, ZOOM IN ON PATRICIA; HER ID BADGE. *

He smiles at ABIGAIL, who passes with LANDSCAPING TOOLS -- *

BALTASAR (V.O.)
ABIGAIL, an actual fugitive from Puerto Rico, chief landscaper. She was arrested for stealing, then crashing, the Governor's helicopter. *

FLASH TO: NEWSPAPER PHOTOS OF ABIGAIL IN THE HELICOPTER; NEWSPAPER HEADLINE "HELICOPTER THIEF ESCAPES CUSTODY"; ABIGAIL'S ID BADGE. *

And finally, LUNA -- pushing her HOUSEKEEPING CART. *

BALTASAR (V.O.)
But most dear to me was LUNA. A punk anarchist from Guadalajara who lost her family in a car accident. She became my sister.

8 OMITTED (FOLDED INTO SCENE 7) 8*

9 OMITTED (FOLDED INTO SCENE 7) 9*

10 INT. GUEST ROOM, OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2000 10

A PHOTO OF LUNA PLAYING IN A PUNK BAND; LUNA'S ID BADGE; SHE *
FOLDS A TOWEL INTO A "FUCK YOU" MIDDLE FINGER. STANDING NEXT
TO HER, BALTSAR NODS.

THE SCENE TRANSITIONS IN YELLOW STROKES, AND WE PULL OUT --

11 INT. BALTASAR'S ROOM (YELLOW ROOM), OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2000 11

TO REVEAL LUNA AND BALTASAR PAINTING THE ROOM YELLOW.

BALTASAR (V.O.)

Thus began what vacationers refer to as "the sand castle days." And whatever sprung from the odd garden of Alex's mind found its way into the fabric of the Oceana Vista.

CAMERA WHIPS TO THE DOOR: ALEX WALKS IN LUGGING THAT ARM/LEG-CHAIR, A RIBBON TIED TO IT, AND PUTS IT DOWN WITH A GRIN.

ANOTHER MORNING. BALTASAR WAKES UP TO A RED LIGHT ON HIS ROOM PHONE -- A MESSAGE. WITH A SMILE, HE PICKS IT UP AND LISTENS.

BALTASAR (V.O.)

He used to call me at dawn and leave messages about dreams he had.

ALEX (VOICE MESSAGE) (V.O.)

...We were singing happy birthday, but when I looked over, I only saw your jacket and a crumpled piece of paper where your head was supposed to be. Whaddya think THAT means?

12 EXT. ROOFTOP, OCEANA VISTA - NIGHT - 2000 (ALEX PRE-NIGHT 2) 12

ALEX DOES A FINAL ASSESSMENT ON HIS FIREWORKS DISPLAY. HE LIGHTS THE FUSE, SCURRIES TO BALTSAR AND LUNA --

ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY, A CHAOTIC FIREWORKS DISPLAY BEGINS. THESE THREE SCREAM AND LAUGH, SPINNING OUT IN THE NIGHT...

13 INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE, OCEANA VISTA - NIGHT - 2000 13

Alex steps over PASSED-OUT EMPLOYEES after a party. Baltasar and Luna are the last two left, currently playing DOMINOS.

BALTASAR (V.O.)

Alex wanted to create memories for our guests -- but in doing so he created a home for his employees...

(CONTINUED)

Alex opens his BEDROOM DOORS and CLOSES THEM BEHIND HIM. At which point **WE END THIS SERIES ON:**

EXT. BEACH, OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2005 (ALEX PRE-DAY 3)

THE FULL STAFF IS GATHERED FOR AN OCEANA VISTA PHOTO, holding up a SIGN that says "*FIVE YEARS!*" Alex takes the photo --

BALTASAR (V.O.)
But are we made only of memories?

FLASH. The photo is done and everyone begins to scatter, but Alex seizes the moment for a speech --

ALEX
*Today we celebrate the realization
of a dream that the Oceana Vista is
not only a memory-haven, but...
Five years! I love... luffff... the
people on this beach. I love...
(beat)
Sorry. I love...things. Fffun...*

Awkward looks and whispers among the crowd.

Alex looks lost. In time and place. He tries to steel himself, but then, he SEES SOMETHING... *LIGHT ON HIS FACE* --

REVERSE and get a BRIEF glimpse into Alex's privileged POV:
An ASTEROID in the yellow-pink sky, flying past a green ray.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Is this the beginning or the end...?

His trance is cut short as Baltasar leans over...

BALTASAR
Are you okay, Alex?

Alex shoves his pinky in his ear. Twists it. Looks at it. Then looks up at the faces staring at him.

ALEX
Stop fucking looking at me.

Alex walks off, to the troubled confusion of all.

EXT. BALCONY, PENTHOUSE, OCEANA VISTA - SUNSET - 2005

Alex stares off into the YELLOW/PINK otherworldly sky.

BALTASAR (O.S.)
Hey.

Alex turns to see Baltasar standing behind him.

MOMENTS LATER. Baltasar and Alex sip TEQUILA on the balcony.

BALTASAR (CONT'D)
How are you doing, my friend?

ALEX
Do you ever feel like something
from the past is missing in the
future?

Baltasar stares back, unsure how to answer. Alex can tell.

ALEX (CONT'D)
My memory is leaking.

Baltasar nods. Trying to show his support for his friend.

BALTASAR
Sometimes, I forget things too. I
find that writing myself notes --

ALEX
I'm not sure you understand what I
am trying to tell you: I have
memory leakage.

BALTASAR
Leakage?

Clock Baltasar's increasingly puzzled expression...

ALEX
Yes. Mostly out my ears. The
medical term is Tempus Exhaurire.
Like a slow leak on a dumb boat.

BALTASAR
... I have never heard of Tempus...
Is it a kind of... amnesia?

Alex looks at him, almost like his memory OF Baltasar is
fading by the second and he's trying to keep it from going.

ALEX
I'd like to show you something.

Off Baltasar, not sure what the fuck is going on.

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM, PENTHOUSE, O.V. - MOMENTS LATER - 2005

Alex pushes open the DOOR. He enters with Baltasar, who takes
in the bedroom with all of its intense, illuminating detail:

(CONTINUED)

This private space is Alex's MEMORY PALACE. All around, Alex has various POST-IT NOTES, PICTURES, ITEMS -- ALL REMINDERS of who he is, who his friends are, and so on. And, of course, **THE MURAL. But it is not complete yet: no asteroid, no kids.**

ALEX

It's my attempt to preserve my memories. I've been needing to come in here more and more.

Baltasar marvels at the detail. Alex brings him to A SHELF OF ITEMS on display: A COMB. SANDAL. TOOTHBRUSH. MAKECH. Etc.

ALEX (CONT'D)

The hippocampus is our brain's pantry. We gotta keep it stocked.

Alex sits down at the edge of his bed.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I am losing more of myself every day, Baltasar. I need your help to pick up the pieces. I can't trust anyone else. My appetite makes no sense. I have a primal hatred for iguanas I don't understand. I wanna be a kid again, but I can't even remember my own family.

Baltasar sits down next to him. Processing it all.

BALTASAR

We should at least tell Luna.

ALEX

Nooo. No one else will understand.

BALTASAR

I do not understand.

ALEX

You will someday.

Alex realizes he might be losing Baltasar here. He puts his hand on Baltasar's shoulder -- and that's when he sees a note in SHARPIE written onto his own wrist: **Pocket.**

Alex digs into his pocket and pulls out an old, folded 3x5 card. Written on it: **Baltasar, 4 emergency.** He opens it --

ALEX (CONT'D)

(reading)

I know you're a Frías.

(CONTINUED)

Baltasar stares back. What he's been running from finally caught up to him. Alex continues reading.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I knew the moment I met you. You have the fucking bone structure of a Frías. And nobody just wakes up dressed like you. But then your brother Alonso came to the resort, offering me the deal of the century on Frías-sewn uniforms if I fired you. It was a shakedown.

(then, to Baltasar)

Ask me what I said to him.

BALTASAR

What did you say to him?

ALEX

(reading)

I told him to fuck the fuck off.

(then, to Baltasar)

No more secrets between us. We are all we got. I need you.

Baltasar nods. Smiles. Feels connected.

BALTASAR

I am here for you.

Alex smiles. He pats Baltasar, then gets up and moves to his BATHROOM, takes out a Q-TIP, and starts digging in his ear.

CAMERA watches him... But then we **PAN BACK TO BACK TO --**

17

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM, PENTHOUSE, O.V. - DAY - 2022 (DAY 4)

17

BALTASAR, sitting on the bed, continues the story to Emma and Noah -- who take in this "MEMORY PALACE" with new context.

BALTASAR

That's when I knew Alex's condition would be a problem. The leak became a flood. It affected the resort. Bills went unpaid. Renovations began but never finished. He turned on the staff, accusing them of lying to him. Of stealing. His Oceana Vista was fading away. And I couldn't tell anyone.

Noah looks at a SHELF OF ITEMS. Skeptical. Emma flips through POST-ITS. She, too, is having trouble connecting the dots.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

But how does this all connect to
Sam and Violet?

BALTASAR

Tell me: this photo on the phone...

EMMA

It was taken in here. Of Sam and
Violet. At 5:30 in the morning.

(to Noah)

Show him the one you took.

Noah reluctantly shows him the picture he took of Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What were they doing here?

Baltasar moves over to the same spot where the photo was
taken... What's he doing...? Then --

BALTASAR

I never thought Alex was capable of
being a dangerous man. But then
came the iguanas.

INT. BALTASAR'S ROOM, O.V. - DAY - 2007 (ALEX PRE-DAY 4)

A HEADLESS IGUANA DROPS onto a PRISTINE DESK. Baltasar looks
at the bloody carcass, then at ABIGAIL --

ABIGAIL

Estas majestuosas criaturas son
ancestrales. ¡Y ocupan una cabeza!
¡Resuelve esto ya!

Abigail storms out with a SLAM. Baltasar rubs his temple...

BALTASAR (V.O.)

I had to honor my friend's secret.
But I was asking myself: Why?

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM, PENTHOUSE, OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2007

Alex paints the ASTEROID on his wall.

BALTASAR (V.O.)

Over the course of that year, he
retreated to his penthouse. A
recluse, unraveling... Until it all
wove together on Christmas.

20 **INT. EMPLOYEE HALLWAY, OCEANA VISTA - NIGHT - 2007 (NIGHT 2)** 20

Alex, in his SANTA SUIT, stumbles toward the ORANGE LIGHT...

DISSOLVE TO:

A21 **EXT. THE SUN RISING OVER THE CARIBBEAN... 2007 (DAY 3)** A21

21 **OMITTED** 21

22 **INT. BALTASAR'S ROOM, O.V. - THE NEXT MORNING - 2007** 22

Tie draped over his shoulder, Baltasar sips tea, reading the DIARIO DE YUCATÁN newspaper. A MAKECH scurries on the table.

He pauses on an ad for the FRÍAS LABEL -- he can never escape them. He curses under his breath and continues scanning...

He highlights NAMES and NEWS that interest him:

MASTER FORGER OF MAYAN PIECES CAUGHT, ITEMS ON DISPLAY AT THE MET; CENOTE DISCOVERED INSIDE OF CASINO BATHROOM; MISSING WOMAN FROM 1967 FOUND IN TRUNK OF REPOSSESSED CAR FROM 1933.

His RADIO **CRACKLES** --

EDWIN (ON RADIO) (O.C.)

Baltasar. Aquí tenemos una situación.

23 **EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT, OCEANA VISTA - MORNING - 2007** 23

CLOSE ON: A GIANT IGUANA CARCASS, MISSING ITS HEAD.

Baltasar and Abigail kneel by it. Abigail shoots Baltasar a look: *This is getting ridiculous.*

The iguana's leg twitches --

BALTASAR

¡Uay! Está vivo.

ABIGAIL

Las iguanas pueden vivir hasta tres horas sin cabeza.

BALTASAR

Sho! ¿Eso es verdad?

ABIGAIL

No. Ojalá lo fuera --

*

WE HEAR A **CRASH!** Baltasar and Abigail turn to see --

*

(CONTINUED)

Alex has crashed his JEEP into the sign. He's in a brief daze *
in the driver's seat. He tries to start the jeep up but we *
HEAR the engine fail. A few EMPLOYEES rush in to help, but *
he's fine. He gets out and walks away. *

**[NOTE for Production: The jeep remains here throughout time, *
so Emma and Noah will see it in Episodes 101 and 103.] ***

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO ABIGAIL AND BALTASAR. She gives him a look.

*

BALTASAR
Yo lo voy a negociar.

24

INT. HALLWAY, OCEANA VISTA - MORNING - 2007

24

Baltasar and Alex walk together. Alex is lost in his mind.

BALTASAR
Are you OK, my friend? Late night?

ALEX
I don't know. Went a little too
hard maybe. Fuck, I'm tired.

Alex YAWNS and rubs his tired FACE... At which point Baltasar immediately zeroes in on the DRIED BLOOD ON HIS HANDS.

BALTASAR
We must address the iguanas. It's
beginning to disturb the staff.

Alex looks at his hands like he's seeing the blood for the first time. He has no idea how it got there. They stop at the ELEVATORS. Baltasar presses the UP button.

ALEX
Dinosaurs. I know this sounds nuts,
but in a past life I'm pretty sure
I was eaten by a fucking dinosaur.

Just then, he notices an ELDERLY COUPLE staring at him.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hey.

They smile back... Then the OLD HUSBAND addresses Baltasar --

*

OLD HUSBAND
Quick question, *if* this hurricane
does change its course, is that
something you guys have any safety
protocols for?

*

*

BALTASAR
It's highly unlikely to occur, but,
yes, we have a shelter being
prepared in case we need it.

ALEX
(certain)
You'll need it.

(CONTINUED)

DING! The elevator doors open and Alex steps on. And waits.
Baltasar and the elderly couple share a concerned look.

EXT. BALCONY, BALTASAR'S ROOM, OCEANA VISTA - MORNING - 2007

Baltasar moves about his balcony with BINOCULARS. He studies the BREWING STORM in the distance. Looks fine. It won't turn.

He aims his binoculars across to the SOUTH TOWER, at Alex's penthouse. The curtains are drawn. He's probably... fine.

Baltasar smiles. Takes in the breeze. God, he loves it here.

His radio **CRACKLES** --

EDWIN (ON RADIO) (O.C.)
Tenemos otra situación.

CUT TO:

KNOCK-KNOCK ON ROOM 114'S DOOR...

INT. HALLWAY, OCEANA VISTA - MORNING - 2007

CARL answers, distraught. Baltasar is ready for action.

BALTASAR
Good morning, sir. I am Detective
Baltasar Peniche, Head of Security.
I'm here to help you find your son.

INT. ROOM 114, OCEANA VISTA - MORNING - 2007

Carl and JAN sit on the couch and catch Baltasar up on their timeline (MOS) as he moves about, clocking everything: Sam's suitcase, clothes, sketchbook. He jots notes down throughout.

BALTASAR (V.O.)
It was my biggest case. I'd only
dealt with petty theft and marital
disputes. Never a missing person...

Baltasar opens the sketchbook and finds the "END OF THE LINE" sketch. He puts his finger over Sam's last trace...

BALTASAR
What's the END OF THE LINE?

Off Jan and Carl's confusion, Baltasar shows the sketch.

CARL
Don't even bother, you're never
going to make sense of that stuff.

(CONTINUED)

JAN

He has a mind of his own.

Baltasar finds another SKETCH. Eyes go wide: *It's a sketch OF BALTASAR, capturing the moment he YELLED ANGRILY at Sam for skateboarding (in Episode 101).* It's a strange hit at his ego, seeing himself reflected back through the eyes of this kid.

BALTASAR

Do you happen to have a photo of Sam that I can see?

As Jan and Carl look away from him for a moment, Baltasar COUGHS -- then sneakily tears the sketch out of the book.

JAN

I don't have one on me. But I can describe him.

BALTASAR

Please.

JAN

Well, he's very handsome.

CARL

That's not what he wants to know --

BALTASAR

No, this is good. He's attractive?

At the mental image of her son, Jan starts to break --

JAN

Do we need to call the police?

CARL

No, Jan, he's probably just dicking around somewhere.

(to Baltasar)

Right? I'm sure you deal with this all the time.

BALTASAR

I am almost certain you have nothing to worry about. If your son is at the resort, I will find him.

Carl and Jan can sense the lack of certainty in him...

CARL

And if he's not here?

(CONTINUED)

BALTASAR

I promise I will find him.

A long beat. Carl anxiously grabs his phone --

CARL

I'll try calling him again. It's probably just on silent.

As Carl calls Sam, and Jan texts Sam, Baltasar flips through the SKETCHBOOK. Sketches of CARL. JAN. HANNA. His SKATEBOARD.

CARL (CONT'D)

No answer --

(leaving message)

Sam. We got you this phone so you'd answer it when we call. Call me... You can talk to us... This is Dad.

Baltasar now closely observes Jan as she looks at Carl suspiciously, like she can tell he's hiding something...

BALTASAR

What did you mean by that, "you can talk to us"?

CARL

Nothing. He can talk to us.

Jan squints at Carl. Baltasar notices this, too.

JAN

Don't lie to us, Carl.

BALTASAR

Don't lie to us, Carl.

Jan and Baltasar share a look. Carl contemplates... then --

CARL

I caught him looking at a picture of a penis on the plane ride over.

JAN

What?! How do you know?

CARL

I know what a penis looks like, Jan. Someone texted it to him.

JAN

What?!

Carl notices HANNA at the door, wide-eyed. She just heard about THE penis text. Carl plays it cool.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Hey. Any luck?

HANNA

Not at the beach. Or the pool.

BALTASAR

Do you have a photo of Sam?

Hanna nods, spinning out as she digs in her purse.

Baltasar jumps right back into it though --

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

Was this a picture of his own penis
or another man's?

JAN

Oh my god --

CARL

I don't know. It could've been his,
it could've been someone else's, I
don't know what's worse, I don't
know what I'd rather it be, maybe
it was too big for Sam, I don't
know. Dammit.

Carl stares ahead, frustrated. Jan starts to cry.

Baltasar glances over at Hanna, who's texting SAM an apology.

BALTASAR

What do you think?
(off Hanna's silence)
Were you two having problems?

HANNA

If we were having problems, I
wouldn't be on vacation with his
family. He tells me all the time he
wants to marry me.

BALTASAR

And what do you say?

HANNA

Yeah. Maybe we'll get married, I
don't know. We're only 22.
(looking at Jan and Carl)
What? Why are you looking at me?

Baltasar jots SOMETHING down. Hanna finally finds their small
PROM PHOTO, hands it over, then bails to the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

Baltasar looks at the PHOTO. And recognizes Sam immediately.

BALTASAR
This is your son?

Jan and Carl both nod. Baltasar stares at SAM IN THE PHOTO...

28

INT. SECURITY OFFICE, OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2007

28

Luna stares at the PROM PHOTO of Sam and Hanna.

LUNA
Verga que ya valió esto.

She takes a bite of a big sub sandwich. Baltasar paces, as PATRICIA, also eating a big sub, scans SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE.

BALTASAR
No sabes si es el mismo chel.

LUNA
Está igualito! Es él, lo conocí, a él y a la chava. Es la que ocupaba la blusa que me hiciste.

BALTASAR
A ver entonces, ¿Cómo se llamaban?

LUNA
Achis... Jesse... and Matt.

BALTASAR
Este chel se llama Sam. Entonces no es el.

LUNA
Nunca se me olvida una cara.

BALTASAR
¿Y cuánta droga te cuchareaste anoche?

LUNA
Sabe.

BALTASAR
No podemos decir con certeza que es él --

PATRICIA
Sí se puede. Es él.

Baltasar and Luna look at the FOOTAGE Patricia just found.

MONITOR: Sam and Violet exiting the PARTY. Sam hands Violet a wallet (Alex's wallet).

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Orale, ¿Qué onda ahí?

ON BALTASAR, troubled by what he's seeing...

LUNA
Ojalá me creyeras más.

BALTASAR
Para la grabación, por favor.

Patricia pauses all playback. Baltasar looks at her --

BALTASAR (CONT'D)
Patricia. Me buscas un sandwich de esos? Se ven muy buenos.

PATRICIA
¿Quieres una mordida?

BALTASAR
No. Negociáte uno nuevo, por favor.

Patricia leaves. Baltasar takes control of the footage...

LUNA
¿Por qué ocupas que yo me quede?

BALTASAR
Porque a ti no te quiero tapar esto.

MONITOR: *VARIOUS ANGLES of Sam and Violet running through hallways. They enter the SOUTH TOWER. Go into the ELEVATOR.*

ON BALTASAR. He gives a slight head shake. This looks bad.

MONITOR: *Sam and Violet get OFF on the PENTHOUSE FLOOR...*

Baltasar writes down the TIMECODE. He scans ahead on the ELEVATOR CAMERA a few minutes until --

MONITOR: *Alex gets ON the same elevator. And gets OFF on his floor, just where Sam and Violet were moments earlier.*

Silence in the room as he scans through the rest of the footage to see if they ever come out. Nothing.

BALTASAR (CONT'D)
Logro salirse en algún momento. Yo lo ví llegando en la mañana. ¿Por donde se salió?

Baltasar brings up the PARKING LOT CAMERAS.

(CONTINUED)

MONITOR: *Alex's SUV exiting the PARKING GARAGE. But his windows are all tinted.*

BALTASAR (CONT'D)
Eso no es posible...

Off their concerned looks, the lights of the monitors reflecting on their faces.

CUT TO:

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK ON ROOM 161'S DOOR --

29

INT. THOMPSON SUITE, OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2007

29

MURRAY answers the door, wearing golf attire.

BALTASAR
Mr. Thompson, I am Detective
Baltasar Peniche, Oceana Vista Head
of Security. I'm wondering if I
could speak with your daughter.

MURRAY
Umm. What's this about?

BALTASAR
Another guest is trying to locate
their son and your daughter was the
last person he was seen with.

MURRAY
Okay. Just a minute.

30

INT. THOMPSON SUITE, OCEANA VISTA - MOMENTS LATER - 2007

30

Murray KNOCKS on the door to Violet's ROOM. No answer --

MURRAY
Hey, Vi', I'm coming in --

He opens the door and -- it's EMPTY. Bed still made. He looks at Baltasar, right behind him.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
Where is she?

CUT TO:

31

OMITTED

31

32

INT. FOYER, PENTHOUSE, OCEANA VISTA - DUSK - 2007

32

Baltasar waits before the PENTHOUSE DOORS. **ARV.** He knocks gently, three tiny THUDS. A BUZZ unlocks the doors.

33

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE, OCEANA VISTA - CONTINUOUS - 2007

33

Immediately upon walking in, Baltasar notices an unholy MESS. Like Alex's disordered brain has spilled out to the main floor.

BALTASAR
(calling for Alex)
Alejandro?

Baltasar clocks every detail, following the trail of debris. He reaches the BEDROOM DOORWAY and peeks INSIDE --

Alex, in a SMOCK, paints new details on his epic, and now CHAOTIC, WALL MURAL.

ALEX
I'm emptying out what's left.

BALTASAR
Ah...

Baltasar scans the room for anything suspicious... The CLOSET DOOR is open. Clothes strewn. The BED is covered in COLORED POST-ITS. Baltasar reads some: They have SKETCHES, NAMES OF OBJECTS, OF PEOPLE. Something draws him to one that says **PASAJE**.

BALTASAR (CONT'D)
What's Pasaje?

Alex looks closely at it...

ALEX
That one's important, I think. It has to be... Or has it been? I had a breakthrough. But then I forgot what it was. This shit, man.
(re: the mural)
What if this is not just my memory, but it's the memory of the Oceana Vista?

A long quiet beat between these two.

BALTASAR
Two teenagers are missing and you were the last one to see them.

ALEX
What?

BALTASAR
They came to your room.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Nooooo. When? That can't be right.
(he keeps painting, then)
Wait, what?

BALTASAR

What do you remember of last night?

Alex looks at POST-ITS: **XMAS PARTY; DANCE; NO HERE AND NOW;
PSEUDOCIDE; PERSEVERE; 1,000 DISGUISES; PASAJE.**

ALEX

It was the Christmas Party. We
danced. Pasaje?

BALTASAR

What do you remember?

ALEX

What do you remember?

Baltasar POINTS to LUNA on the MURAL --

BALTASAR

Who is this?

ALEX

Luna.

BALTASAR

And this?

Baltasar points to HIMSELF on the MURAL --

ALEX

That's you, dummy.

BALTASAR

Who am I?

ALEX

Baltasar Peniche-Frías, Head
Detective. And my best friend.
(getting defensive)
I'm fine, man. Everything is fine.

At a bit of a perplexing impasse, Baltasar's gaze moves along
the MURAL... but STOPS at: **SAM and VIOLET**. Fresh paint.

BALTASAR

And who are these two?

ALEX

Uhhh. Shit. That, I can't remember.

(CONTINUED)

BALTASAR

What were you doing in your car
this morning? Where were you going?

Alex clearly has no memory of this. Flustered, Baltasar
POINTS to SAM and VIOLET on the MURAL --

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

Look at me and listen. These two were
at the party. You had an altercation.
Then they ran to your elevator, got
off on your floor. Minutes later, you
did the same. I need you to tell me
what happened next.

Alex sees the gravity and sadness in Baltasar's eyes. It's
starting to dawn on Alex that he may have done something bad.
But he can't remember anything, so he's not giving in.

ALEX

Nope. I call bullshit on this fuck-
hunt you're on.

Baltasar begins to move around the penthouse, checking in
other rooms, in the closet, anywhere for any sign...

BALTASAR

What did you do?!

ALEX

What did I do?!

BALTASAR

I don't know! What did you do?!

Alex digs deep. But there's nothing to dig up. And that
scares the shit out of him.

ALEX

Oh my god, did I do something?

BALTASAR

Try to remember, anything at all.
You put them here --
(pointing to the mural)
So they must be somewhere up here --

Baltasar points to his own head. Alex points to his own head.

ALEX

They aren't here! It's fucking
empty, man!

(CONTINUED)

Alex plops down on a CHAIR IN THE CORNER. He gazes out of A WINDOW, in this odd, contemplative state.

Baltasar is pained seeing his mad, hollowed-out friend.

Then Alex casually puts his FEET on a SKATEBOARD that's under his chair, rolling it back and forth in a meditative fashion.

BALTASAR
Where did you get that?

Alex looks down -- like he's never seen it before.

ALEX
I've had it since I was a kid.

BALTASAR
No, you haven't. It's Sam's. The missing boy.

Alex's thoughts weigh him down now. He stares at the painted images in the mural. He turns to Baltasar. Pleading.

ALEX
Look the other way. One last time.
You and me, this place, we're the family we always wanted... Right?

Alex quickly grabs mezcal, pours shots, and holds one out --

ALEX (CONT'D)
The hurricane is gonna come. No one will remember any of this happened.

BALTASAR
You're right.

With a heavy heart, Baltasar declines the shot and picks up SAM'S SKATEBOARD. Alex holds it up to cheers anyway --

ALEX
Let's just throw the hatchet, man.
That's what you were meant to do.

Alex drinks. Baltasar takes one final look, knowing whatever happened in here may forever be locked away in his head.

LUNA (PRE-LAP)
¿Qué chingados estás diciendo?
¿Cómo que una filtración?

Baltasar paces behind Luna as she loads linens in a washer...

BALTASAR

*Es como si su mente estuviera
zafada del tiempo.*

LUNA

*Pues eso está de orates, Baltasar.
De pinches orates untándose mierda.
Ya es hora de hablar a la policía.*

BALTASAR

*No sirven para nada. Se les va
arrugar y nunca van a dar con los
niños.*

LUNA

A menos que Alex les diga dónde están.

BALTASAR

*Alex no sabe! No me creo que sea
capaz de lo que lo acusas. Algo mas
está pasando aqui. Necesito mas
tiempo.*

(luego)

Si no, todo chinga su madre.

LUNA

Pues que chingue su madre.

BALTASAR

*Estas yendo muy duro. ¿A dónde te
irías? ¿Y a hacer qué?*

Luna shakes her head in disappointment, then leaves him
alone. The weight of it all sits on Baltasar's shoulders.

35 **OMITTED**

35

36 **OMITTED**

36

37 **OMITTED**

37

A38 **INT. LOBBY/FRONT DESK, O.V. - LATE NIGHT - 2007 (NIGHT 3)**

A38

- The CHRISTMAS TREE LIGHTS turn OFF.

- The lone night shift FRONT DESK ATTENDANT does paperwork
while listening to music in their headphones.

- A JANITOR vacuums a HALLWAY.

B38 **EXT. POOL, OCEANA VISTA - LATE NIGHT - 2007**

B38

- A single PLASTIC CUP floats in the pool.

- A PALM TREE blows in the wind...

C38 **INT. BALTASAR'S ROOM (YELLOW ROOM) - LATE NIGHT - 2007** C38

A RECORD SPINS on the turntable. Baltasar lets the music lull him into a meditative state while he stares at SAM'S SKATEBOARD, which leans against his bookshelf of detective novels. *What to do, what to do...*

He catches the judgmental eyes of his MAKECH on his shoulder. So he unclips it and puts it back in its tank.

Then he hides Sam's skateboard in his closet.

D38 **EXT. BALCONY, BALTASAR'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT - 2007** D38

Baltasar lights a cigarette and sips a glass of mezcal. He looks up at Alex's penthouse, raises his glass ever so slightly. He gazes out over the quiet resort. Palm trees blowing. Then --

He SQUINTS at something:

In the distance, where the resort meets the beach, a MAN saunters through the night... It's Alex.

38 **EXT. BEACH, OCEANA VISTA - LATE NIGHT - 2007** 38

Alex steps out onto the beach, completely naked. He has a resigned look. He wiggles his toes in the sand and smiles.

He looks out toward the ocean, its chaotic waves, and for a BRIEF MOMENT, the LIGHT reflecting on his face resembles that of the time he saw the asteroid... CUT TO --

A WIDE OF ALEX ON THE BEACH. Which should look rather similar to his MURAL, but instead of being surrounded by his friends and Oceana Vista family and smiling sea mammals --

Alex is completely, utterly alone.

A39 **OMITTED** A39

39 **EXT. POOL, OCEANA VISTA - CONTINUOUS - 2007** 39

Baltasar bursts out the doors, sprints by the pool --

40 **EXT. BEACH, OCEANA VISTA - CONTINUOUS - 2007** 40

Alex walks into the water. He punches and kicks the waves. Until one last big one takes him -- and **he's gone.**

Just as Baltasar makes it to the BEACH, SHOUTING for Alex. He runs right into the water, up to his waist.

But it's hopeless. Baltasar can't see anything. And if he goes any further, he's gone, too.

(CONTINUED)

Baltasar stares into the dark abyss of the ocean. The bright, but fading, lights of the Oceana Vista behind him.

BALTASAR (V.O.)

The next morning, before the police could even get involved, the hurricane changed its course...

41 OMITTED

41

42 INT. BALTASAR'S ROOM, OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2007 (DAY 4)

42

Baltasar is in his ARM/LEG-CHAIR. Hasn't slept all night. He HEARS something and opens the CURTAINS... STAY ON Baltasar's stubbled face as he stares out at the APPROACHING HURRICANE --

BALTASAR (V.O.)

...just as Alex said it would.

Out of the corner of his eye, he notices the RED LIGHT on his ROOM PHONE -- a MESSAGE. He picks it up to listen:

ALEX (V.O.)

My sweet friend. I can see your face, but can't remember your name. Seems like we're finally at the end of the line. I gotta say, it sucks.

43 INT. LOBBY, OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2007

43

The hotel is in a frenzy -- a mass exodus of GUESTS, but STAY CLOSE on Baltasar, walking through the lobby, emotionally distant and disoriented. Abigail, Edwin, Patricia, and OTHER EMPLOYEES scramble to board up windows...

ALEX (V.O.)

My mind, my memory, it's just an empty space, where I find myself completely alone. And afraid that I can't remember any of the things you are afraid I might've done.

He passes Carl, Jan, and Hanna... Then Murray and KIRSTEN (arguing about something -- she walks away from him)...

Luna and OLIVER take a family out to the evacuation buses.

ALEX (V.O.)

You asked if I remembered the kids in my room... I tried to remember when I was a kid, like them, in love... But I can't remember a thing. So if I can't remember love, what's the point?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

ALEX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Whatever did happen last night, I
hope everyone can either forgive me
or forget me.

44

OMITTED

44

45

INT. LOBBY BAR, OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2007

45

Baltasar drinks at the bar beneath the giant LOBBY WINDOW,
which is now all boarded-up and RATTLING.

ALEX (V.O.)

Have you ever seen the green ray?
It's the first ray of the rising
sun. If you blink you'll miss it.

Luna joins him and grabs a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

BALTASAR

Pensé que ya te habías ido.

LUNA

No tengo a donde.

BALTASAR

Yo menos.

MURRAY (O.S.)

Yeah, me neither.

Baltasar and Luna turn to see MURRAY sit down with them at
the end of the bar, back where we first met him. They all
share a somber nod. They're going down with the ship.

Just as Luna starts to pour Murray a WHISKEY --

CRASH! One of the boarded-up windows blows out -- the LOOSE
BOARD SMACKS INTO MURRAY AND KNOCKS HIM OUT --

As the STORM enters the LOBBY -- CHAOS ENSUES --

46

OMITTED

46*

47 **EXT. OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2007**

47*

ON A WIDE: THE HURRICANE PUMMELS THE OCEANA VISTA TO DEATH.

DISSOLVE TO:

48 **INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE, OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2022 (DAY 4)**

48

Baltasar looks at the BRONZE BUST OF ALEX.

BALTASAR

After the hurricane, the police finally investigated, but by that point, any real evidence was destroyed. They found the skateboard, but it amounted to nothing. My mother, Beatriz, got involved. And I never said a word about Alex. They would never understand.

REVERSE ON EMMA AND NOAH. The shock at learning Baltasar didn't tell anyone about Alex is hard for them to hide.

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

In time I returned to El Caracol, to be a Frías again. But that place never felt like home... Maybe we aren't meant to have one. The sad truth is that if you cut the head off an iguana, it will die.

Baltasar looks at them. And after a long silence...

NOAH

So you lied. To everyone, to the police, all to protect a guy who said his memory was leaking out of his fucking ears. Come on!

Noah looks at Emma. She's still processing.

EMMA

Yeahh... I don't know... Kinda feel like this is a crime scene...

(CONTINUED)

BALTASAR

This is something. Yes.

Emma and Noah share a look. And a nod. Noah takes out his phone and dials 9-1-1. Baltasar notices, calmly holds up a finger -- *one moment please* -- then stands before the mural.

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

I pored over this mural for a year, looking for any clue...

Baltasar looks over and **ALEX IS STANDING THERE, PAINTING...**

ALEX

I'm emptying out what's left...

Baltasar passes behind him and HE'S GONE.

BALTASAR

I could tell he wasn't here. Lost in another time... I had watched his memory drain, but this was different. Maybe the Oceana Vista's memory... Or maybe something else.

(then)

But no. This was not the work of a man with any profound insight into the human condition. It was the meaningless scribbles of a mad man... I made a mistake... I was looking for an answer where there was none.

He looks at Emma and Noah.

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

But, today, I realize I was wrong.

"Cumbia de los Pajaritos" by Los Mirlos begins, as --

Baltasar points to a jungle area of the MURAL, to those final characters Alex painted that fateful day 15 years ago:

It's **EMMA and NOAH**. It always had to be Emma and Noah. They've been here the whole time.

49 OMITTED

49

50 OMITTED

50

51 OMITTED

51

52 OMITTED (FOLDED INTO SCENE 48)

52

END OF EPISODE